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RUTH AND BOAZ.

There's a glowing flush in the eastern sky;
The old farm wagons lumbering by.

Nor risk nor shock must the good man
Behold to-night is Thanksgiving eve.

The Roast stops at his cottage door,
And thus he reckons his goodly store:

"There's wealth of kernel and wealth of root,
And beasts four-quartered and yellow fruit,

"And gold ears crested with silken foam,
All gathered in for the harvest home."

Sweet Ruth came tripping along the street;
With smile demure does she Boaz greet:

"Well fend ye, Boaz, with sand and loam;
I see the harvest, but not the home."

"Twas a simple maiden that spoke, forsooth,
Ruth looked at Boaz, he looked at Ruth."

The bells ring out with a lusty pull—
Thanksgiving morn and the church is full.

"Thanks," cries the parson, with lifted hands—
Thanks for the increase of all our lands.

"We give Thee thanks for the corn and oil,
The gifts that the fruitful land comes of toil;

"Thanks for the mercies we can not name,
The gifts that the fruitful land comes of to name."

"And, brethren, now, ere we rise and sing,
Let's thank the Lord for the dearest thing:

"The one among all our blessings rare;
For which the most in our hearts we care;

"Search ye, brethren, in mind and thought,
For the one great gift that the year has brought."

"Amen!" cries Boaz, with voice of youth;
But the parson stares, for he looks at Ruth."

THE HOBBS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Ann, I've invited the Trumantons
here to dinner on Thanksgiving."

"David! How could you?"

"Why? Tain't the first time by a
good many that they've eaten dinner here."

"I know it, David. But that was
when they were poor and plain like ourselves."

"They've got so grand and put on
so many airs now that I don't feel the same when I'm with 'em."

"There's no grander than ever they
were," answered David, indignantly,
"and they don't put on any airs, either."

"Because they live in a fine house and
have plenty of money is no reason their
old friends and neighbors should slight 'em."

"That sounds just like a man!" said
Ann, with great disgust. "I don't want
to slight 'em providin' they don't want
to be slighted. I think just as much of
John and Laury Trumanton as I ever
did. But they've been to Europe—"

"I don't care if they've been to Africa,"
retorted David. "It's no reason we
should slight 'em."

"But they've seen the Queen's horses
and carriage," continued Ann.

"I don't care if they've kissed the
Pope's toe," said the incorrigible David.

"My! I hope they hain't!" exclaimed
the horrified Ann.

"They're the same old two and six-
pence they always was," continued David,
"and they're coming here to eat
Thanksgiving dinner. And if you feel
as though you can't cook good enough
for 'em, I'll order dinner from the vil-
lage hotel."

This was a settler. Ann prided her-
self on her cooking.

"David Hobbs," said she, "I ain't
afraid to cook for Queen Victoria. I've
cooked for the Queen's women's place,
and I've got to hear the first word of
fault about my cooking. No, tain't that,
David," she continued, "but I ain't got
no pretty table-furniture, no nice chinks,
nor any of the fixin's that rich folks
has."

"Never you mind that, Ann," said
David, in a soft voice, "they'll never
miss 'em, so long as the dinner is good,
and I know it will be. John and Laury
are just as plain as they were when we
all lived together in the little log-houses
under the hill. You've just got to notice
that their money has spoiled 'em. But
I hain't I wish you could have seen
John's eyes sparkle when I invited them
here. He said he'd be afraid his old
neighbors would think he didn't want
to belong to any longer, and in that
case, he'd wish old Milton Miles
had a left his money somewhere else."

"Did John say that?" inquired Ann,
with raised eyebrows. "Well, then, I
don't care. I'll be very happy to have
'em here. If only I had some nice
chiny," she added, regretfully.

They were brother and sister—these
two—and had lived together ever since
David's young wife died, "many and
many a year ago," and left him with
two little girls to care for. Ann had
cooked for the dead woman's place,
and kept house for David, and raised
the little girls as carefully as though
they were her own. Very fond of
"Mother Ann," as they called her, were
the girls, now pretty, well-behaved
young ladies past twenty years of age.

David Hobbs was a farmer, and lived
just on the edge of an old-fashioned vil-
lage, inhabited by old-fashioned con-
tented people. David was in comfort-
able circumstances, and possessed the re-
spect of the whole community. The
Trumantons were his neighbors, and as
has been intimated, had lately come into
the possession of quite a large fortune.

They had lived near Hobbs' ever since
they came into that section, and many a
Thanksgiving and Christmas had the
families enjoyed together. And now
David Hobbs, regardless of their change
of circumstances, had determined to en-
joy one of those rare old occasions
again.

To describe the flutter and excitement
which reigned about the Hobbs' farm-
house during the intervening days would
be quite unnecessary. It was the ortho-
dox bustle attendant upon an old-fash-
ioned Thanksgiving occasion. Spicy
odors from the kitchen, ominous
glances from the barnyard, and Ann
Hobbs busy everywhere. But Ann's
face wore not the look of complaisant
satisfaction it was wont to wear on such
occasions. She was moody and disas-
tasteful. As she rubbed the old-fashioned
silver, she suddenly became mindful
that it looked battered and thin, and
old-fashioned compared with the more
elegant and modern service of the Tru-
mantons. But it was genuine, at all
events. No plated ware would Ann
Hobbs tolerate. But the dinner dishes!

They were too horrid for any use, all
chipped and heat-cracked, and worse
than all, of two or three different sets.
She did feel, honestly, ashamed of them.

"They won't fit to put onto the
table at any time, let alone on a Thank-
sgiving dinner-table!" This was what
she said to David the day before. And
David answered: "Never mind, Ann,
it's the dinner is good."

But he did not fail to notice that her

woman heart longed for something new
and pretty, and was hurt by his seeming
indifference; and he inwardly resolved
—well, she shall see what he resolved.

That afternoon David "harnessed up"
and went to the village. Late at night
he returned and came into the house
shouldering a huge basket, which he put
down at Ann's feet. Ann was dressing
the poultry for the next day and never
noticed that it was anything but corn-
cobs, until David spoke.

"Here, Ann," said he, "is your new
chiny. I reckon you'll be all right
now."

Ann gave a little gasp and peeped
cautiously into the basket. There it
was. Just what she had so longed for.
A complete dinner-set!

"Why, David!" she exclaimed.
"Well, now—you don't—you didn't—"

"Yes, I did," replied David, laugh-
ing. "I don't know's things 'll taste
any better served up in these than in
the old ones; but we'll try 'em, any
how."

Ann said not a word. But the look of
proud satisfaction which shone in her
face was reward enough for David.

Ann Hobbs never went to bed all that
night! She made a brand-new dish-
cloth, took down a shiny tin-pan, got
out a new crash towel and washed those
dishes, every one, and assigned each to
its place among the glass and silver-
ware in the old-fashioned, three-corn-
ered china closet in the best room.

The old closet had not been so gay for
many a year. Ann stood off and marked
the effect. Then she changed them
about and looked again. Then she got
out the fruit-cake and the pound-cake
set them on glass cake-stands and stood
them on the shelves, their polished,
white surfaces looking like pyramids of
snow amid the glittering silver and
glassware. Ann looked and admired
for her heart's content, and when she
glanced up at the clock, behold, it was
half-past four o'clock.

"My!" she exclaimed, half-aloud.
"I ain't seen such a short night in all
my days. Good land! I'll be sleepy's
an owl all day, I'm afraid."

Then she brightened up the kitchen
fire and called David, resolving, mean-
while, not to say to any one that she had
not been to bed. David either guessed
or jotted about it, she never knew which,
but his first words to her that morning
were: "Did you set up with them dishes
all night, Ann?"

Ann tossed her head and sniffed the
air, but remained non-communitive.

"Now, girls," said Ann, after break-
fast was over, "you must go to church
with your father. Things is pretty well
prepared, an' I can manage alone bet-
ter'n if I had you at my heels."

So David and his comely daughters
went to service.

Ann Hobbs was not in the least given
to sentiment. But somehow, as she
basted the turkey, and seasoned the
soup, and washed the vegetables, her
thoughts went wandering back to the
old time when the Trumantons "wa'n't
no better'n other folks," and she thought
of the many dinners they had prepared
together on the occasions of raisings,
and huskings, and thrashings.

One especially she recalled. They had
had a bad year of blight and
drought combined, and there was scarce-
ly a vegetable in the county. David had
a "raisin'" that fall, and Mrs. Tru-
manton came over to help Ann get the
dinner.

"There's ten men, Laury," said Ann,
and not a vegetable for 'em but some
onions and carrots. What shall we do?"

"Haven't you a pumpkin, Ann?"
asked Mrs. Trumanton. "That would
help out."

And they went out in the field to look
for a pumpkin, and found instead a
mammoth squash on a dried-up vine
that no one knew anything about, and
they brought it home in triumph. She
wondered if Laura Trumanton remem-
bered how good that squash tasted. A
thought struck her. She would add
squash to her bill of fare this day. There
were a few in the barn-cellar, and there
was still time enough to cook it. Yes,
she would have squash. So she peeped
into the oven, tasted again the savory
soup, put some wood into the stove and
started after the squashes.

Now David Hobbs, though a careful
farmer, had some very careless habits.
A gate would swing on one hinge for
many days, and latches and locks re-
main broken for months. He was always
reminding himself that these must be
fixed, still it would be a long time before
he fixed them, and then, generally, af-
ter some accident made it necessary to
do so.

All unconscious that the latch was
broken, Ann turned the key and de-
scended into the cellar. She selected
her squashes the best she could in such
a dark place, and was ascending the
stairs when bang went the door with a
loud slam.

"My land! It shets as if it meant to
stay shet forever," said Ann, "and it's
as dark as forty black horses."

She hurried up the steps, and reach-
ing the door fumbled about for the
latch, but no latch could be found.

"I wonder if this is one of them doors
I heard David threatening to mend," she
said. "If it is—well then I'm in a
dreadful situation," and she began
pounding on the door with her fists.

But the ponderous thing hardly shook.
Then she took both squashes and pound-
ed. Still the door did not yield. Then
she called aloud for David. But, of
course, David did not respond. Then
she sat down on the steps and reviewed
the situation. She was a close prisoner;
and no one knew for how long. She
was buried alive. Perhaps they would
never find her. After awhile some fu-
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of her dinner, ruined and cold, and she
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being within the sound of her voice
even had she been above ground. After
everything else had failed, poor Ann sat
down on the steps again and cried. The
fit of crying together with her night of
wakefulness produced drowsiness, and
very soon Ann fell fast asleep.

The Thanksgiving service was over.
I am always a little distrustful about the
real worship of housekeepers on that
day. Devotion is strangely mixed up
with roasts, and soups, and pastry.
Good, sociable sisters hurry off home-
ward without even a hand-shake, but
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As soon as he could, David Hobbs
and his daughters started for home at a
good pace, closely followed by the Tru-
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"Here we are, Ann," said David, as he
came bustling into the kitchen. "I
hain't seen you for a long time. Why, where
are you? Well, never mind. Laury walk into
the parlor; Ann'll be in soon. Girls,
you help Mrs. Trumanton off with her
wraps, while John and I puts away the
teams."

The girls escorted the guest into the
best room, where a fire was smoldering

on the hearth; then excusing them-
selves, they ran up to their room,
changed their cashmere dresses for a
plain wrapper, and proceeded to the
kitchen to assist Mother Ann.

Here everything looked doleful
enough. The fire was out, and a suspi-
cious odor of burnt meat filled the
room.

"I wonder where Mother Ann can
be?" said Ellen Dobbs. "Here's the
fire out and no preparation for dinner
—not even the table set."

Then she opened the door and looked
in. There was the turkey as black as it
was before being divested of its feathers,
while a pair of chickens, reposing in a
pan beside it, looked like burnt sticks.

"Something dreadful must have hap-
pened!" said Ellen, turning a white,
scared face to her sister. "Something
dreadful has happened to Mother Ann."

And both girls ran into the parlor to ac-
quaint Mrs. Trumanton.

"She may have been sick," suggest-
ed Mrs. Trumanton. "Have you
searched the house?"

Without answering, the girls, fol-
lowed by Mrs. Trumanton, instituted a
search for the missing Ann. They all
hunted in the same place at the same
time. Every closet and corner was
searched, and even the bureau drawers
were examined. Ellen suggested that
they go to the glass barn and silver-
ware in the old-fashioned, three-corn-
ered china closet in the best room.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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